

## Work of Art

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## Work of Art

by [Not4typicalwriter](#)

### Summary

"An artist," George commented. "Sounds hard."

"I wanted to ask Wilbur, but he has to go get his brother so, uh-" Dream fiddled around nervously. "I'm here to ask you."

"Me? To be a live model?" George asked in disbelief. "You don't know me."

"Yes but you have very simple proportions, and very basic facial structure-"

"You know I'm trying hard not to get offended but you're making it impossible," George interjected, his arms crossed in front of him.

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You know, when George moved to the States to go to school, he knew some strange things might happen. The American College life do be like that sometimes, it was expected.

But posing naked in a blond guy's apartment for a promise of fifty dollars and a Chick-fil-a meal? George wasn't desperate for money per se, but the offer was quite intriguing.

## Notes

Disclaimer: I know approximately ZeRo about art or anatomy or painting, please fanartists of the community don't flame at me.

Every single thing I wrote about the painting process is complete bullshit, I don't even know if assignment/classes and gallery/showcases work like that- oh god I'm going to look like a CLOWN.

that being said

enjoy the story.

Prompt idea from: @mcytficprompts

Also follow me on twitter?? maybe?? haha unless? : @noimnotJJ

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Nineteen, nineteen, nineteen-" Dream was basically chanting in his seat, foot tapping on the floor as he sat in the school cafeteria.

"Dude, maybe you should stop worrying about the fact and it's due in nineteen hours and start doing it," Sapnap muttered as he continued on typing on his laptop.

"I can't do it, I don't have anyone to do it to," Dream groaned as he smacked his head against the table.

"I mean if you hadn't procrastinated, I would've volunteered," Sapnap sighed. "But I have class and then a club meeting, and then a date. I am *packed* today, so I don't have time to sit in front of you while you try to fix what my chin looks like for 47 minutes."

"Okay, okay, I get it, I messed up!" Dream snapped.

"Well you can't do Karl because unless you can finish it in time before our date, I won't let you hog date night," Sapnap said.

"Yeah, I know," Dream sighed.

"Quackity-"

"Busy today," Dream replied.

"Bad?"

"Won't do it," Dream scrunched up his nose. "Says I stress him out with my excessive swearing every time I make a mistake."

"He makes a point," Sapnap acknowledged.

"Okay well he was there when it was oil paint week, those mistakes aren't exactly *easy* to fix," Dream said defensively.

"Wilbur," Sapnap offered.

"Wilbur," Dream repeated.

"Yeah, he's right there," Sapnap pointed across the cafeteria.

Dream followed his gaze and spotted the tall British senior. They kind of know each other, meeting in the library, the coffee shop, and local sandwich shops. The Art studio is very close to the music hall, so they tend to run into each other.

Oh, and they occasionally play Minecraft together.

"Right I'm late for class, I'm going to leave you to suffer," Sapnap patted his back. "I'll be back to our place before the date, I hope some work would be done by then."

"Hmm," Dream absentmindedly answered as Sapnap left the table. Dream stared at Wilbur, thinking about his stature, his build, his legs, and his arms proportions.

No, it's not weird, his assignment is anatomy, he really needs to think about the details, and well, anatomy. He already does it to most people generally anyway.

He was staring at Wilbur and thinking about so many things that he barely realized that the person he was staring up had gotten up from his chair and walking towards him, looking confused as he waved to capture Dream's attention.

"You alright there Dream?" Wilbur asked, immediately snapping Dream out of his daze.  
"Something on my face that you could see from across the hall?"

"Will!" Dream stuttered. "Uh, no, no. I wasn't- I um-"

"Yes?" Wilbur replied kindly.

"I need a live model, and Sapnap suggested you, and I was thinking about body proportions and things," Dream explained with an awkward grin.

"I'm flattered, I would love a painting of myself," Wilbur said dramatically. "Unfortunately I did promise to pick up my little brother from high-school and I have to babysit him because we don't trust him at the house alone since the fire."

"Can't Techno babysit him?" Dream knew about Wilbur's other brother, they also play Minecraft sometimes.

"Techno is actually TA-ing for my dad today, they've got classes and labs till 8 PM," Wilbur chuckled. "So they're both not around, hence, Tommy-duty. And Tubbo. And Ranboo."

Dream sighed. He knew of the other two boys who sometimes also play Minecraft with Tommy's older brother. He knows the havoc the three could conjure and will not blame Wilbur for taking it somewhat seriously.

"I get it, thanks though," Dream said defeatedly.

"You could ask George," Wilbur suggested.

"George?" Dream asked.

"Yeah, I was sitting at the table with him," Wilbur nudged his head towards the table he was sitting on.

"I don't know George," Dream said.

"Well get to know him then," Wilbur said easily. "He's British, my friend obviously, just transferred for his last term, also plays Minecraft," Wilbur listed off. "We just finished classes and I don't think he has plans because we were gonna play Minecraft once I've picked the kids up."

"So he *has* plans," Dream said.

"Minecraft isn't *plans*, I'm sure we can reschedule if it's at the risk of your assignment Dream," Wilbur rolled his eyes. "Now go!"

Wilbur waved as he walked away, leaving Dream to look back at the person sitting alone at Wilbur's table.

Honestly, Dream was surprised at himself that he hadn't noticed that anyone was with Wilbur at all. Especially someone who looked like George.

He'd like to blame it on the panicking over the assignment, but he was genuinely disappointed at himself for not noticing the striking brunette.

George looked pretty, lounging in front of his laptop, hands barely moving though his fingers were furiously typing. He was shorter than Wilbur, by a few, definitely still shorter than Dream. Skin bright and pale compared to his red lips. He was skinny. Not so much that it was noticeable underneath the hoodie, but enough for Dream to know a little something about his structure. Eyes, brown. Eyebrows, nose-

Dream didn't realize he'd made a decision but apparently, his body did as he was now walking towards this boy called George. Dream's eyes were still calculating. Ears, cheekbones, hair, hands. Dream stopped in front of George, not saying a word but still staring.

"Can I-" George said as he pulled out his earphones. "Can I help you?"

Dream knew he was British, Wilbur literally told him. But still, his voice and accent threw him off a little.

"You play Minecraft," Dream blurted out.

"Yes?" George chuckled, eyebrows furrowed trying his hardest not to laugh as he looked at Dream, flustered and confused.

"George," Dream said.

"And you know my name," George muttered as he closed his laptop. "That's not creepy at all."

"Sorry," Dream finally snapped out. "I'm friends with Wilbur." He explained.

"Ah, so you weren't just the campus creep that was staring at Wilbur with psycho eyes," George said coolly.

"No, no I'm not," Dream insisted. "I have an assignment, a live model painting and I need a live model."

"An artist," George commented. "Sounds hard."

"I wanted to ask Wilbur, but he has to go get his brother so, uh-" Dream fiddled around nervously. "I'm here to ask you."

"Me? To be a live model?" George asked in disbelief. "You don't know me."

"Yes but you have very simple proportions, and very basic facial structure-"

"You know I'm trying hard not to get offended but you're making it impossible," George interjected, his arms crossed in front of him.

"No, no, I didn't mean-" Dream gaped. "I mean, your face fits the general classic ratios, so it's easier for me but still aesthetically pleasing, and your arms and legs proportions-"

"You can stop talking," George chuckled. "Seriously stop."

"You're gorgeous, I promise," Dream blurted out before shutting his mouth in regret.

"Right," George said slowly. "What do I get from this?"

"Twenty dollars," Dream offered.

"Twenty. For how long?" George said.

"Oh I'm really fast I swear," Dream said as he continued to check George out. No, not in that way. (*Okay, maybe that way.*) "Seven hours?"

"*Seven hours?!?*" George yelled out.

"Well it's a painting, it's pencil for details, then mix my own color-" Dream explained. "Up to seven hours, you don't have to pose for all of it. It might be less if I get lucky and I don't make mistakes."

"Nude?" George asked.

"Ideally," Dream nodded.

"You gotta give me more than twenty, come on," George said teasingly. "I don't even know your name, and you're luring me into your studio plus you want to see me naked?"

"I can do fifty," Dream bargained. "That's like almost minimum wage."

"In America maybe, not in England," George muttered.

"Oh come on man," Dream begged. "My assignment's due tomorrow morning and I'm desperate."

"Tell you what," George said as he started to gather his things. "Seven hours starting now is going to go past dinner time so I'll take fifty and dinner."

"I can do Chick-fil-A," Dream quickly countered.

"I'm good with Chick-fil-A," George held his hand out. "Deal?"

"Deal," Dream took his hand and shook it. "You're lucky I'm desperate."

"You're lucky I'm free," George quipped back.

"My place isn't too far from here," Dream said immediately walking off, making George job to catch up to him.

The dining hall really wasn't that far from Dream and Sapnap's apartment. It was about a 5-minute walk to the South of campus and across the road from the deli.

"Hey so before I get inevitably murdered in your apartment," George asked as they head up the stairs. "Are you gonna tell me your name?"

"My name?" Dream asked.

"You know mine," George reasoned.

"People call me Dream," Dream asked.

"Your birth certificate doesn't say Dream," George stated somewhere between a joke and a question.



"No, it's a nickname," Dream replied.

"Right, so you won't tell me your real name," George pondered. "Tell me again how I'm not going to get murdered in your apartment?"

"I'm friends with Wilbur," Dream shrugged as he unlocked his apartment door.

"Wilbur with a brother nicknamed *Technoblade*, and I'm supposed to trust you?" George said.

"Just get naked," Dream sighed as he let George into his apartment. "I'll get my supplies."

"You're eager," George said teasingly.

You know, when George moved to the States to go to school, he knew some strange things might happen. The American College life do be like that sometimes, it was expected.

But posing naked in a blond guy's apartment for a promise of fifty dollars and a Chick-fil-a meal? George wasn't desperate for money per se, but the offer was quite intriguing.

George did as told, pulling the hoodie off his back, unbuttoning his pants, and taking off his t-shirt. He was standing in his boxers when Dream walked out of his room with the supplies. George couldn't really say he's been in weirder situations, but honestly, he did sign up for this.

So George pulled down his boxers as Dream was setting up his canvas on the easel.

"Right where do you want me?" George asked awkwardly.

Dream finally looked up from his canvas and well- could you blame him? His eyes went straight to the center of attention.

"I uhm-" Dream gulped.

*He should stop staring. He really should stop staring.*

"I have eyes you know," George said flatly.

*Dream, for the love of-*

*Stop staring!*

"You can put your boxers back on," Dream managed to say, hoping his face is not as hot as he feels.

"Did my dick offend you?" George asked as he pulled his boxers back up. "You've seen a dick before."

"I've seen plenty of dicks before, I'm-" Dream stopped as he heard George snigger. "Shut up, that's not what I mean." He sighed.

"I didn't say anything," George said. "You took one look and told me to cover up, what? Is it not basic enough for you? Wrong proportions?"

"If you want to be naked for all 7 hours, be my guest George," Dream said. "But I'm going to do the painting in parts. Trust me, there will be a time where I will be getting familiar with the ratios of your-"

Dream has known this boy for less than half an hour. And boy, does he already know how to grind his gears.

"Alright, where do you want me?" George asked yet again. "Chair, standing-"

"You're gonna wanna lay on the couch, trust me," Dream told him. "Get comfortable it'll be longer than you imagine."

"Any specific pose?" George sat down on Dream's red couch.

"Artwork's choice," Dream mumbled absentmindedly.

"Artwork?" George cocked an eyebrow.

"Model," Dream quickly corrected himself. "Model's choice."

So George threw his legs up on the seat, leaned his back against the corner of the couch, one arm across his torso while the other gently held his head up.

"Good?" George asked.

"Yeah," Dream nodded taking out his phone. "I'm going to take a picture for reference just so you can move around and we know where to put you back. I'll delete it after."

"Why don't you just draw me off a picture?" George asked. "It'll save you fifty dollars."

"That's not really the point of the assignment," Dream said after clicking a picture and putting his phone on the table. "It's about capturing life and translating it into pages with colors and strokes. I could draw you from a picture, even now, but I'd still like you around for reference, so I can translate your energy into a work of art."

"I thought I was the work of art," George smirked.

Dream rolled his eyes before sitting back behind his easel and drew the first stroke.

The first hour went by quite silently. Dream was definitely focusing hard, keeping his piercing gaze at George. But he wasn't alone at the observation. While Dream is focused on his work, George was focused on the artist.

He watched closely as Dream sketched. He watched Dream's eyebrows furrowed, chewing the inside of his cheeks as he was calculating George's proportions. How his nose scrunched as criticized his own progress this far or how he sticks his tongue out when he's erasing his work.

Honestly, he's getting paid fifty dollars to sit and watch the cute blond do art, it's not a bad life. He was getting a little bored though.

"Could you maybe put on like a movie or something?" George asked.

"Like Netflix?" Dream asked. "You wanna watch Netflix?"

"Is it gonna distract you?" George said.

"Yes, kind of," Dream said.

"I'm just getting a little bored and we're barely into the second hour," George confessed.

"You can talk to me and I'll entertain you," Dream hummed. "I can put on some music."

"Okay," George complied. Dream walked over to his computer and connected his Spotify to his speaker.

"What do you wanna talk about?" Dream asked as he got back into his seat.

"Anything," George said. "So an art student huh?"

"Yep," Dream answered curtly. "Not the type I know, tall, blond, used to play football."

"You had time for both football and art?" George said incredulously.

"I sing and play chess too," Dream said.

"Oh, I play chess too!" George said excitedly. "You had a busy, busy high school experience," George continued. "Did you even have time to party or anything?"

"On occasions," Dream said. "When my friends drag me out."

"Can't believe someone who looks like you needs friends to take him to parties," George commented. "Like don't girls throw themselves at you and go all like *Dream, Dream!*"

"Looks can be deceiving," Dream chuckled. "I choose to spend my free time playing Minecraft with Wilbur and his little brother. Not exactly looking for girls that way am I?"

"True, true," George smirked.

"Enough about me, what about you?" Dream said. "Wilbur said you transferred for your last term? Why?"

"I mean, I want to work in a startup after graduation, Silicon Valley is in the States, it's just easier if I'm already here," George explained.

"Start-up, Silicon Valley, I'm going to guess Software," Dream said.

"Computer. Close enough," George praised.

"You're too pretty to be behind a computer screen," Dream commented easily.

"Right," George drawled. "Unfortunately there isn't a lot of openings to be live models, especially not ones that pay as well as computers."

"What? People don't come up to you and pay you fifty dollars just to sit pretty?" Dream teased. "I find that hard to believe." George rolled his eyes, shaking his head before remembering that he should be posing.

"Why do they call you Dream?" George asked.

"It just kinda stuck, I don't remember where it came from," Dream spoke. "Probably my mother. Daydreamer, she used to call me. I don't like paying attention in class."

Hours two to five turned out to go quite quickly with a combination of singing to Dream's playlist and chatting between the two boys.

"Unfortunately the time has come for you to let me stare at your dick for an uncomfortable amount of time," Dream said.

"Right, we're there are we?" George stood up and proceeded to get fully nude. George got back to his position as Dream began to draw.

It wasn't as awkward as George thought it would be. Dream still continued to talk to him, singing along to the song at times, asking him about his cat that he had to leave in England, and telling George about his own cat.

"Hey Dream, I got-"

The door of Dream's apartment swung open in walks Sapnap, and behind him was Karl. George scrambled to cover himself up as Dream jumped in his seat.

"Naked boy on our couch, not weird at all," Sapnap nodded. "No seriously, this is normal, you aren't the first naked guy I've seen in the apartment." He looks at George who was blushing a bright red. "And they're not all for business as well."

"Sapnap shut up!" Dream gasped. "Jesus Christ, dude." Dream immediately chucked the closest thing he could grab a hold of, which happens to be Sapnap's English textbook, and chucked it across the room.

"I'm messing, I'm messing," Sapnap chuckled as he ducked away. "I got Karl with me."

"George," Karl said, pointing a finger at George.

"You know me?" George asked.

"You're friends with Quackity- Alex," Karl said. "I'm Karl."

"Oh you're Karl?" George exclaimed. "Nice to finally meet you!"

"Q's been talking about my boyfriend?" Sapnap pursed his lips. "Should I be jealous about this or should I be cool about this?"

"No, no," Karl immediately placed both his hands on Sapnap to calm him down. "I saw George last week at the karaoke bar with Wilbur and Q said he was good with computers and you know I broke my laptop last week, so Q gave it to him to fix."

"Oh," Sapnap mumbled.

"It's working great by the way," Karl turned back to George.

"I'm glad," George said.

"Sapnap please leave, I thought it was date night and I need to finish the work," Dream sighed.

"Yeah yeah, I was running late so Karl just came with. I'm just going to change," Sapnap said. "Nice to meet you George." He waved before going into the room.

Karl leaned over Dream's shoulder and looked at his work in progress.

"Nice," Karl commented. "Looks like he's doing you justice." He told George.

"Really?" George perked up. "Let me see."

"No!" Dream yelled. "No, it's bad mojo. I don't let the people I draw look at themselves before I submit them."

"What kind of superstition is that?" George laughed.

"It makes me second guess everything, especially if you think it doesn't look like you," Dream said.

"I think it looks like him," Karl shrugged.

"Thank you Karl, but his opinion is what's going to throw me off," Dream looked at George who gave him a small smile. "Now will you please get Sarnap out of here so I can finish the dick?"

Karl cackled as a reply, going into Sarnap's room only to drag a fully dressed Sarnap and start shoving him out of the door.

"Your Chick-fil-A is on the counter by the way!" Sarnap managed to yell out before Karl closed the door behind him, waving goodbye to George.

"Do you wanna eat dinner before we continue or what?" Dream asked.

"I'll take the dinner thanks," George said after contemplating for a while.

They paused for about an hour, eating their dinner though the conversation has yet to stop.

*Yes, George was clothed for dinner. He did not eat his Chick-fil-A nude.*

It was barely a change of pace when they got back to the painting and posing. And soon enough, the seven (technically eight) hours have passed.

Dream leaned back, looking back and forth at his work and George, then back at his work. He smiled before sighing and pulling down a cover for his painting.

"And that's done," Dream said triumphantly. "Thank you for your cooperation."

George was halfway into dressing himself when Dream approached him with his wallet. Dream pulled out a fifty-dollar bill, holding it out for George to take.

"Oh," George almost forgot that he was getting paid for this. "Thanks." He took the money from Dream with a smile. "You ever going to let me see myself?"



"Once I get it back, I promise," Dream told him. "I have a feeling I'm gonna get a really good grade on this one. I was pretty-" he mulled over. "-inspired."

"Right," George nodded as he walked towards the door.

"Uh wait, it's getting late," Dream said. "Is the hoodie enough? Do you want a jacket? It's getting kind of cold out there. Do you have a long walk home?"

"It's not that far," George considered for a moment or two before conceding. "I will take a jacket though, it has been cold since I have been practically naked for 7 hours."

"Sorry about that," Dream bit his lip before taking his jacket off the coat rack. "Here you go."

George pulled the jacket on, noticing how big it was on him, how long the arms were. But he was warm now, so he'll take it.

"I'll give it back tomorrow morning," George offered.

"No need," Dream said. "I'll get it from you when I find you to show my finished work."

"Okay.." George sounded unsure. "I guess this is goodbye."

"More like see you around," Dream corrected. "Goodnight George."

"Goodnight Dream."

---

Three weeks.

Technically it's been 19 days and George hasn't seen or heard from Dream. And he still had his jacket.

He most definitely did *not* see him around.

It's honestly frustrating. They met at the cafeteria did they not? It is a public place. They also have multiple mutual friends, do they not? How have they not run into each other again?

Of course, George didn't wanna seem desperate. He didn't wanna ask Wilbur about Dream, primarily for the fact that he doesn't really want to explain how he posed nude for fifty dollars (even though he knew Wilbur knew). And he can't ask Quackity because he especially did not want to explain anything to that man.

George's classes were nowhere near the Arts building, so it's not like he could just, show up.

And he still has the jacket.

He really wasn't planning on wearing it out other than that one night. But it was stylish in an oversized way, and George also remembered Dream saying he was going to get it from him once the assignment was graded. Dream doesn't know where George lives so George thought he ought to have the jacket handy on him when Dream approaches him.

If Dream ever comes to find him.

"Hey naked man from my apartment," George turned to see Karl and Dream's roommate. Sapnap? Honestly, he didn't really pay attention due to the fact that he was naked.

"Sapnap?" George guessed.

"He remembers me!" Sapnap cheered.

"Where's everyone?" Karl asked.

"Who's everyone?" George asked. "Wilbur just invited me, I didn't know people are coming."

"It's a big Karaoke night, everyone should be here," Sapnap said. "Wilbur invited everyone."

"Quackity, Wilbur, Eret, Bad, and Skeppy-" Karl started listing off. "Fundy, Sam, Wilbur even managed to get Techno, we might hear a song from him."

"Oh," George said. He didn't wanna tell them that he recognized *some* of the names, but honestly, he was only looking out for one. "Cool."

"Hang on," Sapnap tilted his head. "Is that-" Sapnap's gaze was pointed at the jacket George was wearing.

"Get a table boys, what are you doing?" Wilbur interjected as he pulled them from the bar. "We're not standing up for the epic performances we have lined up for the night."

George was promptly dragged towards a booth, or more like a set of three booths, where nearly every seat was filled with the large friend group. He was even surprised to see that Wilbur had brought his brother and his two friends.

Wilbur, in his happy jolly way, pushed George down to sit next to Eret and Techno. Karl and Sapnap sat across from them.

"You signed me up?" Techno exclaimed the moment he saw his brother.

"Oh no, that's Tommy," Wilbur laughed. "You're up in 15 minutes Tech."

"I'm your DD, I will leave you in an alley," Techno glared at him. "Dad will *never* find you."

"Dad was the one who told Tommy to sign you up," Wilbur said. "Try that again."

"I like your jacket George," Eret complimented over Techno's incessant cursing out Wilbur.

"Oh," George exclaimed. "Thanks."

"Wait oh yeah, about that jacket-" Sapnap started again before he was interrupted by someone slamming something onto the table.

"A-plus," Dream yelled. "A-fucking-plus. It's perfect! Perfect!"

"Dream?" George asked. His eyes immediately went straight to the table where he finally realized that Dream had slammed his newly graded painting on the booth table.

This also means that George's naked portrait was on the table.

"Hey Big D," Tommy called.

"OH NO don't look Tommy," Wilbur harshly covered Tommy's eyes, shoving him away as he was laughing his ass off.

"Oh wow," Eret commented.

"Come on, Dream," Techno respectfully averted his eyes.

"Dream!" George broke out of his shocked trance and went to cover the artwork.

"Nice one dude," Sapnap raised his hand up which Dream high-fived.

"Told you he did you justice," Karl commented.

"Is that a naked Gogy?" Quackity exclaimed as he got up from the next booth and walked over.

"Oh my god!" George yelled.

Yeah, he did want to see Dream again, but not like this.

"It's fine, it's fine!" Dream placed his hand over George's on the table. "I covered the privates out."

George looked at Dream before slowly removing his hand from the artwork. In the midst of the initial panic, he hadn't realized that Dream had in fact blurred out the privates with a bit of artistic flair. To be fair, no one realized, they'd just assumed the worst.

"I've been perfecting it and resubmitting it to my professor because guess who got a spot in the University's winter gallery?" Dream bragged.

"That's fucking awesome," Sapnap yelled, the table joining in erupting in cheers.

"A gallery?" George said.

"You're gorgeous, George. Everybody deserves to see that," Dream said. "My professor was so impressed she wanted to meet my muse."

"Muse," George repeated incredulously. He was thankful the karaoke bar was dark enough that his burning cheeks were a little less obvious.

"You're gonna have to do an appearance at the gallery opening, I hope you'll come with me?" Dream said.

"Is it going to take seven hours or three weeks?" George asked teasingly.

"Sorry it took three weeks," Dream apologized earnestly. "It had to be perfect before I showed you."

"Right," George chuckled, finally removing his hand from under Dream's.

"So, I was planning to give you the piece to keep, but it has to go in the Gallery first, so it will get to you but not today," Dream explained.

George took the painting and held it in front of him, finally taking the full picture in. He went through the details Dream had put into his eyes, his lips, his fingertips. He may not know the details in the color that Dream put into the painting, but he knew it was beautiful. His gaze slowly went down to the corner where a cursive signature was neatly placed.

"Clay," George read out slowly.

"Nice to meet you," Dream smiled. Eret had graciously, and sneakily, offered his seat up to Dream and joined Fundy's table, allowing Dream to sit next to George.

"Are you going to put your number down with that name?" George flirted.

"I was going to, but I'll have to wait until it gets back from the gallery and I don't think I want to wait that long," Dream smirked. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well I got fifty dollars from this cute blond boy that I'm trying to spend on a date," George responded. "How's that sound?"

"Only if you keep wearing my jacket," Dream answered coyly. "Looks good on you."

"You are never getting this back at this point," George giggled as he leaned back into his chair, realizing that Dream's arm was now at the back of his seat. If he wasn't still red from the whole portrait incident, he would've blushed even more.

"Worth it," Dream responded. "Works of art need to be preserved and protected. You included."

## End Notes

unsure if I want to make this a chaptered fic. Depends on response I guess.  
it could end as a one shot i'd be happy, but also, Professor Philza Minecraft catching DNF in the computer lab also sounds entertaining.  
idk idk, could happen.

Comments and kudos are very pog

other suggestions are also very appreciated, I have been loving writing IRL DNF lately.

or any IRL, actually I also do SBI and KarlNap so suggestions pOg. Other people too I've been getting into Sam and Ranboo but I just don't have many ideAs. so comment them, or tweet them at me. either or

thank youuu

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